

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

BOTTLE'S EMPTY WHISKEY'S GONE.

PARODY ON CRADLE'S EMPTY.

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Little empty bottle, you would tell a tale,
If once your mouth could only speak ;
Yes, for you I've often had to go to jail,
And the judge would send me up Salt Creek,
Up on Blackwell's Island, I would almost cry,
When the spirits from you all had flown,
Sitting in my cell, there, I could only sigh—
Empty is the bottle, whisky's gone,

CHORUS.

Little empty bottle, drained 'til not a sup,
In the bottom can be shown ;
How I'd like a horn, to keep my spirits up,
Empty is bottle whiskey's gone.

Don't the Bible tell us love our enemies,
And the worst one, whiskey is its name,
When I'm over-loaded, I go as I please,
And my feet are hardly much to blame,
When I stumble down into the mud-gutter,
And the cop says come along, now, John ;
As I clasp it tightly, I can only mutter—
Empty is the bottle, whiskey's gone,

CHORUS.

Little empty bottle, drained 'til not a sup,
In the bottom of it can be shown ;
How I'd like a horn to keep my spirits up,
Empty is the bottle, whiskey's gone.

A. W. AUNER'S
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